

## Am I Dreaming? (Dreamnotfound)

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## Am I Dreaming? (Dreamnotfound)

by [Salsablock](#)

### Summary

George isn't supposed to feel this way. He can't stop this warm feeling but he can stop himself from acting upon it. Right?

new unrelated dnf fic, below V

### Notes

Warning: \*\*\*Might contain swear words\*\*\*

# Warm Milk

## Chapter Notes

This story is not intended to offend anyone and i will delete it if dream and george change their opinion on fanfictions. I completely understand the fact that shipping real people makes some people uncomfortable but this is only a work of fiction. It's just to express my self and it's only a hobbyyy so enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George's room was peacefully silent for a few minutes before the sounds and rustles of the bedsheets filled the room. He swiftly stumbled out of bed and rushed to the bathroom. While he groggily washed his face, he amusingly wished he could wash his mind too because it was currently flooding with cusses directed towards Sapnap. *His fault for picking the morning for this recording session.* He would have been able to stay comfortable in the soft sheets all morning if it wasn't for the nagging in his head. Although, if he was being honest with himself, the nagging in his head was nothing compared to the nagging of his friends if he didn't record with them. But, he did get up after all so Sapnap can't talk shit to him now. Even if he takes a long hot morning shower...right? He didn't give himself the chance to answer before he stepped into the shower and turned the water on and his mind off.

"-clearly wrong then, Nick." Dream sneered before glancing at George's figure watching them from the kitchen door.

"What's going on? Are we starting now? I need to have breakfast first so wait for- auhhh," a yawn interrupted George mid-sentence.

"This ass clown here," Dream said as he shifted in this seat to turn and glare at Sapnap, "apparently meant Thursday instead of Wednesday so we can't record anything today."

"Hey, i'm sorry! I just made an honest mistake...i really need to record a video today for my channel. It has been forever, you know. I'm going to make it up for you by getting you something for breakfast since i'm heading out anyways," Sapnap explained with his eyes pleading.

"We're on lockdown and we have food here so just stay inside, dumbass," George said with a roll of his eyes.

Sapnap glared at them both before stomping out of the kitchen but his voice still drifted from the hallway as he whined, "George, I'm meeting my friend for breakfast. Plus, i already made plans so can i go, *mom*? Please!"

The door locked behind Sapnap and the apartment croaked along with Dream's soft chuckle.

"I should probably point out that you took forever in that shower even though you had been informed about the early morning recording session" he said.

George held Dream's gaze for a few minutes before he broke it with a sigh and entered the room while Dream pushed his stool away from the bar and stretched almost as the same as patches does every few often. A slight flush crept to George's cheeks when Dream moaned halfway through his

stretch.

"We aren't even recording so it doesn't really matter. Oh- did you see the message i sent you last night? It was a plugin idea that was suggested to me." George inquired and reached for the cereals from the top pantry.

"Yeah, i did see it and i thought it was stupid and-" Clay said as he pushed himself off the bar stool and strided towards George- "so are you! You know you can't reach the box so just ask for help."

George had a snarky comeback waiting at the tip of his tongue but suddenly every thought in his head jumbled together and the only coherent word he could think of was "warm". Clay's chest pressed to his back? Warm. Clay's arm above his head? Warm. Clay's voice? Warm. George wanted him to stay but also wanted him to desperately back off simultaneously but just endured it because Dream was just innocently reaching for the box of cereals. It's George's fault for considering it inappropriate.

Warm. The word was all he could think of. Clay's warmth was all he could feel, all the way to his toes that curled and his fists that clutched the counter pathetically.

"Warm." The word espaced from George's mouth before he could stop it.

Warm.

"What?" Clay asked sounding genuinely confused.

George froze in place when he realized what he said and the feeling of warmth espaced him almost as fast as the word has slipped.

"Uh- um...i actually meant can you- err- get the warm milk too." he stuttered as his heart shimmied in its place.

"It's right on the counter, dumbass," Clay said to his ear with a breathy laugh that tickled George's neck and made him physically weaker for some reason.

After he recovered from the brain short-circuit, George pushed Dream away and crossed his arms with an awkward laugh. He would have stayed there, hugging himself, trying to recreate that warm feeling forever but Clay quickly changed the subject and rambled about something related to wallpaper. George's thoughts now consisted of things like: I need to back away from him, now. It wasn't the conversation that made him cross to the other side of the kitchen (even if the conversation was immensely boring). It was only because Clay's eyes under the morning sunlight looked like a new beautiful colour right now.

People have always asked George if colour blindness really bothered him but he honestly liked the idea of seeing Dream's eyes differently from everyone else. He always thought to himself that the colour in Clay's eyes belongs to him since he's the only one who can see it this way.

George also always thought he could differentiate between noticing something is aesthetically pleasing and being genuinely attracted to it. Always. Easy. So...?

*I need to stop thinking. i need something to do. everytime my thoughts run wild, i feel my body becoming exhausted as if it was the one running.* George thought as he nodded and tried to return to Dream's conversation.

I hope you enjoyed this as much as i enjoyed writing it. Please tell me if you have any criticism (i'd appreciate it so much) also tell me if you'd like longer chapters or if you'd prefer fast paced ones <3

# Minecraft, but it's fifty shades of grey

## Chapter Notes

Hullo before you start this chapter i just wanna add that words in italics are almost always George's thoughts. And i always switch between using dream and clay but this is all for a reason. I only use clay in meaningful and intimate moments, hope that's clear to everyone and not annoying. <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Anyone looking through the window into George and Dream's kitchen would have been weirded out. A blond boy on his knees as if ready to pray but instead screaming "empty room, empty heart" while clutching the brunette desperately.

George of course was hysterically giggling. He has already made up his mind and has decided to help Dream with his room but he still wanted to torture him and hear him beg. Because...well...Dream looked ridiculously funny in this position.

"George, i beg you! My walls are bare and I'm bored of my empty room. Like, actually. I need you to stop being an idiot," cried Dream with a mock frown.

"Fine! Just let go of my hand, you idiot! I'll go shopping with you as long as you don't forget that you owe me one. I swear, sometimes I feel like your dad or some shit." George said as he took a deep breath and put some space between him and Clay.

"Okay daddy." Clay said as he glanced at George and immediately started laughing at the expression on the other boy's face.

George didn't know what kind of face he was doing but if it was making Clay wheeze like that then it must have been weird as hell. He lightly smacked Dream on the head and mumbled a 'shut up' before he got up to wash empty cereals bowl.

Clay was the kind of person to genuinely get out of his way and help a stranger that needed it. He's also the kind of person you could stay up with all night, talking about everything or nothing at all and sitting in comfortable silence. Clay was also the sort of person to exaggerate while doing anything and would go to great lengths even for the sake of a joke. He was one of most intellectual and serious people that George knew but he also had an amazing playful side. (Which George would never admit out loud or Clay would tattoo it on his forehead or do some stupid shit). George knew all of Clay's sides and played along with all of his jokes and knew perfectly well that they were all nothing but jabs at him. George knew all that but being called "daddy" by him, still managed to incite a reaction. Nonetheless, George never shows his reactions. The exterior he puts on has never been broken before (ahem not really considering the cereal box incident minutes ago). He's just a really private person, aiming to be seen as cool and composed and untouchable. Of course, this sometimes caused problems like during his college years where he managed to attract girls that had one goal in mind: to break that exterior. *Obviously didn't work.*

George was so lost in his thoughts and so zoned out while washing the breakfast that he didn't even notice that Dream has left the room until the boy shouted at him from the end of the house.

"George!! Go put on your clothes and let's go!! I seriously can't wait all day! Ugh!"

"I'm coming, shut up!"

George quickly dried his hands and skipped to his room before Dream could start shouting again. He picked dark jeans and a blue t-shirt and threw them on his bed so he could undress. After he chucked his pajamas, Clay instantly opened his bedroom door and walked in saying: "Hope your decent!"

George's eyes bulged out their sockets and he quickly picked up any article of clothes to cover himself.

"What the fuck, Dream! I'm not decent! And you aren't morally decent! Literally not funny!"

"I couldn't find my charger last night so i need your power bank, k? Chill." Dream assured George as he crossed the room to grab the power charger from the dresser and then left.

George slid down the floor and watched his reflection on the mirror from the inside of the closet. His whole face felt hot to touch but he couldn't be sure if he was really blushing. Were his ears truly red? Are his cheeks really pink? *One thing i know is that Clay needs his ass kicked.*

~~~~~

They were taking forever in the store, they were actually the only customers left right now. And George felt like one of those boyfriends who held their partner's bags while they shopped. He didn't like that feeling. He also didn't like that he thought as Clay "his". He also didn't like Clay. He also didn't like the heat in florida. So in summary, he was in a bad mood.

Dream, however, was soaring. He just bought a new shelf for his new collection of fan art, a comfy yellow recliner for the corner of his room, and a table lamp. They were also picking a wall mirror right now but George kept complaining about how heavy the table lamp was.

"Listen, if you keep complaining i swear to god I'll hold you and the lamp all the way home in my arms **bridal style**. It's not that heavy. Now shut it and let me focus on picking a goddamn mirror," Dream grunted at George.

The girl working here who was trying to assist Dream, giggled at George as he stuck his tongue out at Dream. She was a petite girl who looked to be in her early twenties with black sleek hair that was tied beautifully in a messy bun. She also had eyes that were the blackest George has ever seen. He only noticed her eyes because she kept staring at him and then looking away shyly.

When she became brave enough to full on stare at George without looking away, Clay caught on.

"If i buy any mirror without stalling, will you be able to leave work early and maybe have a drink with me? It's so hot outside, i might die out there without you," drawled Clay with a wink.

She gasped and quickly turned her attention to Clay. "Ar-are you asking me out?"

George's anger went up at her reaction and the evident sparkle in her eyes. She was drooling over George and now she's looking at Dream like that. *Wow. Honestly rude. And that pick up line was so cheesy...*

Clay smiled at her and then they chatted before the conversation ended with three things:

- 1) A fuming George
- 2) Exchanged numbers
- 3) A random ugly ass mirror

As they left the shop, George thrust the lamp into Dream's hands and walked away. He wanted to go and listen to some music. Maybe play some minecraft. Why did he even agree to go with Dream.

"Hey- George! Wait up!"

Dream ran to keep up and then stopped George with a hand on his shoulder. Then he bent over and tried to gather his breath before looking at George with puppy eyes and saying, "Damn, you were right. This lamp is actually heavy. I'm sorry."

"Inch-resting information. As if i haven't been saying that this whole time. By the way, i came here to help you and you end up flirting with some girl and on top of that you bought this ugly ass yellow mirror too"

"George, it's orange-" Dream argued before he noticed the death stare George was giving him- "i mean, yeah I'm sorry. I just- i don't know. Look, thanks for coming today. I know you didn't have to but i appreciate it. I appreciate you. I really do."

Sunlight. The color of Clay's eyes right now is the same color as the sunlight that dances from George's window onto his sheets every morning.

George nodded at Clay and then kept walking home at a pace slow enough for Clay.

"Do you want me to hold that for you? I don't mind," George asked looking back at Clay.

Clay beamed at him and handed him the lamp like it was on fire then saluted him and ran home, laughing the whole way.

*Did my friend just ditch me? Yup. My friend just ditched me with a heavy lamp. Remind me why am i even friends with this Pissbaby?*

Honestly George would have crushed Clay's skull with this heavy ass lamp if Clay wasn't an actual good person. He was like someone out of this world. Like out of a fairy book. Or like the hero from kid's bedtime stories. George's brain stopped and he quickly shook his head as if he could physically spill those thoughts outside.

He counted his steps all the way home. *Numbers instead of sappy and stupid bullshit.*

~~~~~

George had set up everything for a live stream right after he came home. All he had to do is tell Dream that he's going live because he doesn't want him barging into George's room with the face cam on. That would be a disaster.

He shortly found Dream in the living room, staring at his phone. "Um, Dream, I'm going live so make sure to stay away from my room," George said.

"You're going live? Perfect timing. I really want to try that challenge people wanted to see. The one where you have to win minecraft blind folded by listening to my instructions. Wanna try?"

"I guess it could work...we have to angle the camera on one side to avoid showing your face but besides that, i think we can start. Yeah, yeah, good idea. Sounds fun."

Clay smiled at George and the brunette almost sighed out loud because he really missed that smile. Even though, Clay is constantly smiling. *His smile could like saturate the hole in the ozone layer*

*or do something even more amazing. He's so annoying and smiley ew.*

Ten minutes later, and George is sitting in front of his own screen with the camera on and away from Dream who was on the other end of the table with his own screen as well. Both of them had their own screens and were reading the chat that was spamming something along the lines of "yes. We can hear you."

George started launching minecraft just as Dream started explaining the challenge.

"So this time we didn't code anything but it's still a 'Minecraft, but' challenge. It was actually suggested by you guys and it's really simple. George will be blindfolded and I'll be telling him what to do. We're beating minecraft blindfolded, with a steering wheel."

The chat went crazy at the last part but Dream just laughed and said, "I'm kidding, i'm kidding. No steering wheel, he's blindfolded but it's a normal keyboard."

George rolled his eyes and chuckled before he pointed at the desk and asked, "Dream, could you hand me that blindfold behind your screen please?"

Dream nodded as he handed him a silky red blindfold. George smiled at the camera and started tying the red piece on his eyes while he discussed strategies with Dream.

Suddenly Clay went silent after George finished with putting the blindfold one and the chat started spamming weird things like how red and lush George's lips looked with the red blindfold.

Clay suddenly took ahold of the blindfold and removed it without warning George. He didn't even care about showing his arm to the stream. He just needed the blindfold off immediately. For many reasons.

"Hey!! What the hell! Why did you take it?? You scared me, Dream. At least warn me, what the heck."

"I wanna be the one wearing it. I don't care. I'm launching minecraft on my screen," Clay snapped.

George looked utterly lost and was as confused as chat. (Chat was probably more disappointed than confused.)

Clay tied the blindfold and waved his hand as if to tell George he's ready.

"Wait before we start, i'm going to raise a couple of fingers and you have to guess the number i'm raising. You know, to make sure you can't actually see." George said as he turned to look at Dream.

George held up four fingers and Clay parted his lips ready to pick a random number because he genuinely couldn't see anything. George rubbed the back of his neck and swallowed as he stared at Clay. If anyone who knows George enough, saw his face at this moment, they wouldn't miss the yearning in his expression. Clay just looked so vulnerable and inviting with his lips parted and his posture comfortable and casual.

"Is it seven? Are you holding up seven?"

George cleared his throat because he couldn't trust his vocal cords at the moment and mumbled a 'no' to Clay before returning his focus to the stream.

*Pfft it's probably because i can't see his eyes so he looked like a beautiful stranger. I'm attracted to beautiful strangers normally. Yeah that's exactly what's going on.*



It took them a while to get used to playing this way and they finally started playing in sync when they found the fortress. They could finally understand each other without the screams and cursing. The views were stacking up, it was one of the funniest streams and the most fun to watch as well. It was incredibly fun for the boys too.

"Okay, quick! Block your shield now!!"

"George, i think we should get fire resistance potions from the piglins. This isn't really working. No wonder you suck at using shields."

George glared at Dream and shrugged before he skimmed through chat.

George was so distracted that Dream was just about to walk off the edge of the fortress. Once George noticed the pit of lava below, he launched at Clay and grabbed his shirt screeching "DREAM! LAVA! STOP!"

Clay backed off the keyboard and raised his hands in surrender. Clay was safe on the edge of the edge in minecraft but George was not safe in real life. He was so close to Clay and had overreacted and somehow ended up flush to his chest.

Clay broke the silence with a loud wheeze and continued lecturing George for a good ten minutes for getting distracted while George returned to his chair.

George just pouted this whole time until Clay suddenly exclaimed: "Oh waittt...maybe George saw that i was going to die but waited just so he could end up almost on my lap in an attempt to *save me*."

He said those last two words in the most mocking voice and just started laughing so hard when George just grunted at him and mimicked his words childishly. The chat went insane and taunted George endlessly.

"Chat! Watch how red he'll go now. He's so obsessed with me, man."

"W-whatever", George said with a cute roll of his eyes and tried his best to focus on the game. But, Clay could hear how flustered he was from that one word and the faint blush on his cheekbones didn't go unnoticed by the viewers either.

## Chapter End Notes

Please tell me if you have any constructive criticism for me (I honestly won't be offended) and just the fact that you're reading this makes me so happy yayaya i love youu.

# Blurry Stars

## Chapter Notes

This chapter has some light angst which will be resolved soon. MY HEART IS BREAKING WITH THEM. AWE.

I just wanted to add that English isn't my first language but it's my favorite so i worked hard to get better. But I'm sorry if i make any mistake <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It took them 3 hours to find the stronghold. It took them another extra hour to destroy the end crystals(using the bow while blindfolded is not easy). Dream and George were ready to fight the enderdragon. They were confident and sure of their victory. Everything was finally going smoothly. Up until George decided to read a recent donation.

"Would you date Dream if he was a girl? Is he your type?" George read out loud and laughed before answering, "No, I wouldn't. He's not."

George was laughing and answered the question breezily without looking uncomfortable. Inside, however, he was in hysteria.

*Did they notice I'm attracted to him? I don't think I am. Even if it seems like it. What should I do to convince them I'm not interested in him? Because I don't want to make Clay uncomfortable in any way.*

All of a sudden, Clay started panicking and shouting for help. "George, I accidentally looked at an enderman! Help me and stop fucking reading donations. What the fuck."

George whipped his head back to Dream's screen where he could see the minecraft character in a perilous situation. So he quickly told him how to switch to a water bucket because it was their best hope. At first, it seemed to work perfectly fine. They were safe and sound (if you count being left on one heart safe of course). The dragon, however, had other plans. Before Dream could eat to fill his health bar, she spewed fire breath at the exact spot he was standing. At this point, George sadly knew that no matter what they did, it would lead to their death. They could stay in the water so the enderman doesn't touch them but they would die from the dragon breath. Or they could back away from the purple particles but face the endermen with one heart which would lead to death as well.

Dream couldn't see the dragon breath but he could hear the damage it was doing to his minecraft character. He quickly concluded that he was going to die and just removed his hands off the keyboard. George shook his shoulders and pleaded with him, "Dream, no don't give up." He knew they were going to die but he also didn't want Dream to just sit back and do nothing.

The message: "**Dream was roasted in dragon breath whilst trying to escape endermen.**" appeared on screen seconds later. George could tell Dream was pissed off from the scowl he was wearing on his lips. As expected (by chat and George), Dream tore the blindfold off his head violently then threw his headphones with an alarming bang. "Fuck!" He roared as he left the room.

George was completely stunned to silence even though he predicated Dream would rage if they died. He was shocked simply because he has never seen it with his own eyes. Everytime he heard

Dream rage quitting, it was from across the hallway or through the discord call. Then, he scanned the chat silently and managed to read some even though it was going too fast:

**NoEyeH:** F

**Wildwatch45:** f

**Greyking:** SWORE!!

**Kidmagic:** lmao

**Chaoticapple:** NOOO WHYY

**Ella\_820:** HE SWORE OMG

**JustnoHack:** F

**Iranoutofnames:** rip

He awkwardly laughed it off and lightly made fun of the situation before he thanked everyone for coming and for the donations. Then, he ended the stream so he could check up on Clay. He shut his computer down and immediately went looking for him. When he finally found him, it was in front of the television in the sitting room.

"You okay?" George asked in a small voice as he sat down beside him.

"Yeah, I was just angry because I didn't even move the mouse and stayed looking at the ground but somehow the enderman went agro anyways. And when someone goes out of their way to join your stream, the least you could is play the damn challenge. Not read fucking donations." Clay complained with his eyes on the television and his arms crossed in a defensive stance.

"Yeah, you're right. I'm sorry, I sh-I won't again. I don't know why i did that," George murmured with a small frown.

"Whatever. It's just a game. I don't give a fuck."

George slumped his shoulders in dejection and tried to focus on the show Dream switched to. The show on tv was showing two guys close enough to be kissing and in an obviously intimate scene. When Clay noticed, he instantly growled and changed the channel. George gritted his teeth and clenched his fist in reaction.

"Why did you change the channel?!" George demanded.

"I just don't want to watch two men kissing right now." Clay answered nonchalantly with a shrug.

"Why is that? Explain."

"I don't have to explain anything to you, George. I just don't want to. Now drop it."

"Wow. Do you hear yourself? That's literally messed up. Does it disgust you that two men are kissing, Clay? Would you be disgusted if I was kissing a man instead? Actually the taller one is exactly my type, I'd fucking kiss him. Does that make you sick?" George burst as he stood up with his hands curling and uncurling. His whole body was shaking in contained anger. Clay has never seen him this angry. Clay was also getting angrier than he has ever been.

"Really? Fucking go kiss him then-" Clay replied with even more hostility in his voice than George was showing. But before Clay could continue his sentence, George was storming out of the room at lightning speed.

*Fuck him. What would he think if he found out that I've dated guys in college? I thought Clay was fine with this. Honestly if he can't understand how okay that scene was, then i can't be friends with*

*him. Fuck him.*

George was silently cursing Clay in ten different ways as he put on his running shoes and left the house in a hurry. He didn't know where he was going. It was lunch time and for some reason the street was an obstacle course. Tons of people with kids, people with ladders, or people with strollers. He kept running and apologizing to everyone he ran into. He needed to be alone in a quiet place because he could feel his throat closing in and his eyes starting to water.

*I've met assholes who didn't accept me and I've learnt to ignore them. Why is my chest caving in like this? Is it because he's my closest friend? If he's so close minded, why did he joke about us being in love? Why is the thing that's hurting me the most?*

George had questions flooding his brain faster than he could process them. He didn't notice how far away he was until he couldn't even recognize his surroundings. He tried to calm down because he seriously needed to think of a place to go. But first he decided to send Snapnap a text. He opened his phone and noticed about five missed calls from Clay. He stared at them a minute too long before he finally made his fingers move to "Snapnap".

**George:** I'm not home. If i don't answer, don't worry I'm fine, okay?

He shut his phone off and crossed the street with one place on his mind. McDonald's.

When he finally arrived at the restaurant, he ordered without hesitation and picked a secluded booth to sit in.

He probably took too long eating but he really had nowhere to go. The sun was setting and he didn't feel like going home yet. He has spent the past hour trying to enjoy the food while absent-mindedly people-watching.

*Maybe I could go to the beach. It's beautiful at night. I can't believe the day is almost over. My whole morning gone on sleep, the whole day gone on streaming and fighting with Clay. I feel so exhausted like ten days were actually compressed into one.*

~~~~~

A faint glamour of light persisted on the horizon but darkness was quickly overcoming London when George finally reached the beach. He was standing barefoot in the sand, swinging his shoes around. He stretched his back and laid down on the sand trying to calm the waves in his mind. Normally, he's not the kind of person that cries after a fight. Last time he actually cried was after Luca died but he still remembers how surprisingly good he felt after crying.

*Will I feel better if I cry? I'd drown the ocean itself with my tears if it did give me some comfort. But do I actually deserve to cry? Clay didn't know I was queer. If he did he would have been more careful. Wait isn't that worse though? Ouf. My head hurts.*

He looked up at the stars and thought with sorrowful amusement: *If a star fell every time I was left confused because of Clay, I swear we'd have a starless fucking night.*

He continued staring at the cover of darkness above him until the stars blurred and his tears fell. One by one. Slowly.

The following chapter will be Dream's first point of view so I hope you're ready!!  
(Please comment if you have anything you don't like about the story i really don't mind) i love you if you're actually reading this fic.

# Wild Chase

## Chapter Notes

This chapter is Clay's point of view after George left the house. Enjoy reading my loves.

\* Warning: sexual actions are implied (nothing descriptive)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

### Clay's p.o.v

"Really? Fucking go kiss him then-" I reply with even more hostility than I intend showing. The idea of George's pretty lips touching a random guy's lips feels like a kick in the balls to me. Suddenly, George's leaving the room in a colored whirl before I could even continue explaining how crazy jealous that would make me. I contemplate going after him to clear the misunderstanding but my feet won't move and I keep imagining George rejecting me and our friendship in ruins. A lot of times my friendship with George and Sapnap felt like the one good thing I had going on with me. My stupid fucking brain, however, looked at George one day and signalled alarms that went like: HE'S THE ONE. THE ONE. HE'S SO PRETTY. HE'D BE SO PRETTY UNDER ME. I WANT.

If George knew how pathetic I am, he'd hate me even more. I was even more pathetic when I started realizing my feelings. At first it was so beautifully slow. I first fell in love with his gentle confidence and shy personality online. But I remember stupidly thinking: *"Hey, it's platonic love! I'm not gay"*. It wasn't until I started feeling hot all over when I got close to him that I realized how physically attracted I was. I was following his every move like he was an experiment I was studying. I was so ashamed of the magnitude of my desire. That's when I realized: "Hey, I'm NOT straight." I'm pretty sure no one straight could even have impure dreams and thoughts about their best friend like that. I was hiding all of this pitiful shit storm perfectly fine. Only revealing the truth with ridiculous jokes every one in a while. But I royally fucked up today.

I had woken up with my face wet with tears and my legs tangled in the sheets because of some nightmare. Something about George (every dream was typically about George). But it was the first nightmare I've had that was about him so my morning was essentially ruined. And my mood right along with it.

Then there was during breakfast when my body moved on its own accord and engulfed his body for a second too long. I was too close to losing control and just taking him right there on the kitchen counter without even giving a fuck if Sapnap walked in on us (which says something about how out of control I was).

Then during the stream when he wore that fucking red blindfold, he looked absolutely ravishing. The stream didn't deserve to look at him like that. All scrumptious lips and divine skin. I fucking lost it. The blindfold emphasized his attractive jaw line and collarbone in a way that was dangerous on my self control. Who could focus on a game if they had a view of George like that?

Then he answered that donation and said that he wouldn't date me even if I wasn't a man. I don't think I've ever tried hiding this much hurt and anger in my life and it wasn't even anger towards him. I just felt so angry with myself. For not being what he wanted. I felt enraged that the type of

person he wants isn't who I am. It was just an offhand comment he had uttered but to me it felt like someone saw me bleeding and used a knife to close the wound.

My last mistake was changing the channel at supersonic speed because watching those two men with their lips almost touching was like some sick joke. Like the universe was pointing at me and laughing. It was just too much for me at the moment. The scene from the show was like rubbing salt on my wound. Like rubbing fucking molten hot lava on my wound. I was so irked about the idea of never-ending up with George and then he started talking about kissing these random guys on tv and that's when I lost it.

I really shouldn't have been rude to him no matter what I was going through. It's not his fault I've fallen for him. I can't believe how I fucked up a whole friendship in less than 24 hours. Mistake after mistake. All of them were fixable except for the last one. I honestly can't stand being in my skin a second longer knowing that George thinks I'm a homophobic pig. How ironic is the fact that the guy I'm in love with thinks I'm homophobic? I'd laugh if I didn't feel like crying so much.

I curled into a fetal position on the couch and almost cried when George didn't answer my calls. As I recalled our fight, I stopped at the part where he said he'd kiss that guy. I was too angry to process what it meant at the moment but was he serious? He never implied he's straight except on stream and even then he seemed so unsure of that answer. Is h-he...gay? He never even talked about his past relationships and I never asked because honestly I was afraid of showing any sign of jealousy. Suddenly, I heard the front door open and my eyes instantly widened in hope. I've never reached the front door so fast in my life. I just needed to know if he's okay. Please let him be okay. Annnndddd the universe is laughing at me again because it's just fucking Sapnap.

"Hey, why do you look so disappointed to see me?" Sapnap asked with a fake pout.

"Do you know where George is? Did he talk to you?" I pleaded desperately.

"Yeah, he texted me that he's okay and not to worry about him. Why, What happened? Wait..you told him?-" Sapnap shrieked- "I THOUGHT YOU'LL TELL ME BEFORE TELLING HIM."

I sighed and made my mind up to go look for him. Where are my shoes? I looked around as I answered him, "No, Nick. Nothing like that. Where have you been all day, anyways? You said you were bringing breakfast blah blah."

"Uh- yeah about that. I was actually having breakfast and then ended up staying the day at my friend's house. I didn't even record a video dude." Nick whined sounding genuinely disappointed in himself.

I consoled him and assured him that he can record tomorrow. I briefly explained to him what happened with me and George and then I left without hesitating. I drove around and looked in every McDonald's and Nando's. I visited his college friends' houses. I called his parents. I went to every place George knew. I drove for four hours at high speed without stopping. I can't just sit at home when he might be suffering somewhere alone. Especially if he was suffering because of me.

It was after midnight and I noticed that I was violently shaking. I could either park somewhere or die in a fucking car accident. So I swerve the car to the side of the road and cut the engine off. My head falls on the steering wheel and before I can even take a breath, an image flashes in my mind.

**It's months later. George has forgiven me because that's how he is. Warm-hearted George. Selfless George. My Gorge. No, he's not mine. He's introducing his new girlfriend to me. She's beautiful. She deserves him more than I ever could. He looks at her the way I probably always look at him. With love. He doesn't notice the tears I'm wiping away. He doesn't hear**

**my heart-break. How can he not hear it? It's so loud. It's deafening.**

The scene is so clear and inevitable. I can't tell what's worse: that future where I end up watching them kiss and hold each other or a future where he never forgave me and I never got to meet her. The silence in the car is suddenly ripped to shreds by my cries. I close my eyes and try to slow down the tears but I can't. I start to panic because I'm crying so much it's like my eyes can't keep up. I realize I'm clenching the steering wheel so hard I'm probably going to break it. My head feels mushy and heavy and I wonder if I can ever lift up again.

Suddenly, I think *hey what if he's home by now? Maybe he's home and waiting for me. Maybe I didn't lose him yet.*

Hope, however, is a bitch. Never listen to her. Because twenty minutes later I'm storming into every room in our apartment but I still can't find him. I numbly walk to his room and I can feel my knees weaken because it smells so much like him. Like he's right here. In my arms. I slide down to the floor outside his room with a thud. I unlock my phone and call him for the 1000th time. As I wait for his voice to come through, I distinctively notice Sapnap standing at the end of the hallway staring at me sadly.

I feel so tired I wonder if I'll ever be able to get up again. Or smile for that matter. *"Please, George. I'm so so sorry."* is the last text I send before I black out.

## Chapter End Notes

This was one of the hardest to write because it's first point of view so i really hope it didn't suck :(



# Dreamy Clay

## Chapter Notes

This is last chapter WOHOOO thank you so much for readingg. Might be uploading an epilogue don't know \*shrug\*

Warning: Intense kissing scene so please skip it if you aren't comfortable reading it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tears had stopped streaming down George's face an hour ago and he'd calmed down so much compared to when he'd first arrived at the beach. He tilted his head to look around but there was literally no one on left on the shore besides him. *Is it that late?* As if in reply, his phone pinged for the 1000th time. He almost didn't look at the text but the temptation was just too great and he finally gave in.

**Pissbaby:** Please, George. I'm so so sorry.

George winced when he read the text and imagined Clay uttering those words in a soft voice in his ear. *I miss the sound of his voice and the curve of his smile.* George quickly stood up and stared at the sea trying to distract himself from those ridiculous thoughts. But then he realized that even the waves reminded him of Clay's blond hair.

*Maybe I didn't have to leave after the fight. Maybe Clay could change the way he thinks. Maybe he could learn how beautiful and normal that movie scene was. Maybe he won't. But I won't find out unless we talk. I need to go home,* George thought as he started walking away from the beach, the stars, and the heaviness in his heart .

~~~~~

As soon as George arrived home, he started wondering why it was so quite and then he remembered that it was literally after midnight.

"George!!" Nick whispered from the dark as soon as he closed the front door behind him.

George jumped in surprised and turned in the general direction his voice was coming from to whisper, "Sapnap?! You actually scared me. Why are you even awake?"

"C'mere" Nick replied before he took hold of George and dragged him to the sitting room. Right when they entered the room, he started rambling with a wild look in his eyes, "Listen, you're an idiot. Dream's an idiot. Hey lookie. It's fate. You're both idiots so guess you're meant to be together! Now go ahead and have a normal conversation with Clay and talk about things because you are STUPIDLY assuming each others' thoughts and I'm sick of it."

George looked at Nick and blinked at him in confusion before he finally choked out the word, "Together?!"

Nick nodded at him and then his expression turned more somber than George has ever seen. "He looked for you for hours and hours and he hasn't even eaten anything since breakfast. He's beside your room. I couldn't hold him up, he's too fucking heavy, so I left him." Then he awkwardly patted

George on the back, murmured a goodnight, and left him alone. George looked around as if someone was going to come out of the cupboards and explain to him what the hell Sapnap just said. *Is he talking about a sack of potatoes or Clay, wut?* Then George remembered what Sapnap said at first and he started giggly gleefully like a child. *He looked for me. He actually cares.* He decided to go take care of Clay first and then sit down with his thoughts and try to process them alone. He felt so tired, physically and mentally, but he dragged his legs to his room. He quickly noticed Clay's figure curled beside his door. He bent down in front of him and stared at him for a few minutes, just appreciating how attractive Clay looked under the moonlight. He was curled in a ball, with his knees bent, and his head tilting sideways which seemed like an uncomfortable position to be sleeping in. But despite that, he still looked peaceful with his lip's curves hinting at a smile. George's hand moved on its own accord as he gently straddled Clay's head and tried waking him up by softly repeating his name in the dark. When he woke up, Clay just leaned into George's touch and then abruptly pulled him to his lap.

"Clay, what the hell?!" George whisper-cried when Clay wrapped his arms around him in an intimate hug.

"Shhhh, please don't push me away. I need you." Clay whined sleepily as he held onto George. George blushed when he realized how close they actually were. He was sitting between his legs. His head was on Clay's warm chest. Clay had his hands tangled in his hair. When George finally stopped struggling, Clay sighed in contempt and mumbled a 'thank you'.

They stayed hugging on the cold floor for a few minutes until George felt guilty for keeping Clay in an uncomfortable position and for not feeding him. George, however, was the comfiest he has ever been and was shocked at how homely this felt. This ended up causing a storm of questions in his head.

*Is he this warm every morning?*

*I want to find out.*

*I want to find out in my bed.*

*I want him in my bed.*

He didn't bother answering any of the questions and instead decided to continue doing what he came for which was getting Clay something to eat and helping him to his bed.

"Clay, come on get up, you need to sleep on a bed. The floor must be freezing. You need to eat too. Please, come on."

"No, mmph, don't go, George. Please it hurts when you go."

George's heart broke when he heard those words uttered gloomily and he quickly swallowed past the lump in his throat before he spoke, "Please? For me, Clay? I'm staying with you, I promise."

Clay pulled back and stared at George who was blushing a pretty shade of pink, then he whispered, "Fine. As long as you stay."

George agreed with a nod and helped Clay into standing. George was just about to head towards the kitchen when he felt the ghost of Clay's touch on his fingers. He snapped his head back and looked at him dumb-struck.

"Can I-um hold your hand? If you're comfortable. I know you're still angry at how I acted so it's fine if you don't want to. Actually, nevermind. Don't answer me. Forget it." Clay babbled without giving him the chance to answer.

George just stood there completely shocked that he was close to agreeing to hold his hand. *What the fuck.* Clay studied George's bewildered expression and then continued walking towards the kitchen.

George followed him and sat at the bar stool in the corner. His eyes calmly followed Clay around as he walked around heating some leftovers. His mind, however, was in shambles. His thoughts were running all over the place. He kept thinking back to every intimate moment with Clay, to every "I love you" they joked about, to every captivating laugh that left his lips, to every time Clay made him feel anchored to Earth. Every moment blurred together until he was visibly sweating. He didn't even realize Clay had finished eating and was staring at him until he asked, "Georgie, are you okay?"

George nodded with his head lowered, suddenly refusing to meet Clay's pretty eyes.

"Okay, listen. I'm going to say this now. It could either ruin everything we have. Or change it into something more beautiful. But I want you to know that you're always going to be the most important person in my life, despite whatever happens to us next. I just- I was going through some thing today and I ended up snapping at you more than once. I said some things that sounded wrong which I'm sure you misunderstood and you have every right to. I'm not homophobic. I don't kno-"

George cut him off quickly and rambled, "I'm not straight. That's actually the reason I overreacted. I know I don't owe you anything. I didn't have to tell you that. But I want to."

Clay looked completely caught off guard and stared at George for a whole minute before he could finally speak again, "For heaven's sake, George! You didn't overreact. Even if you were straight, you had ever right to be angry. I was being an asshole. And...the thing is...I was angry because you said you'd kiss some man you saw on tv. I was angry not because he was a man. But because he wasn't the man sitting beside you."

George leaned forward with his chin propped up in his hand and squinted his eyes at Clay in confusion. "Wait...but you were the one beside me? Wut?"

Clay looked at George's confused pout and suddenly a laugh erupted from him and echoed across the kitchen. Clay started wheezing so hard, he couldn't even form a coherent sentence. He couldn't even utter a word without breaking into a laughing fit again.

George was actually getting angry at him for laughing at a serious time. When, suddenly, it dawned on him stupid he is.

"You were beside me!" He repeated with a gasp.

Clay wiped tears from his eyes and took a deep breath in attempt to calm down. "You made me laugh so hard, I'm crying. Yeah, idiot, I wanted to kiss you. I always want to. At breakfast when I tried getting your cereals. At the shop, in front of the girl who was eye-fucking you. During the stream when you put that gorgeous blindfold on. When you came to check up on me after the stream. Little by little, I was losing my mind, wondering if you'd taste as good as I imagined."

Clay took a deep breath and dropped his head in his hands while George tried to process this new crazy piece of information. Then he realized that he was the one who hurt Clay. He answered that donation rudely and then went ahead and babbled about how this guy on tv was his type. He tried putting himself in Clay's position and he felt the guilt physically crushing his chest.

"I'm sorry for this, George. I really am."

"No, Clay, I should be apologizing about my answer to the dono. About not noticing that you were in pain. About that comment on the guy from the movie. I'm sorry. I'm actually so sorry."

"You can't apologize for your feelings. Please don't. I don't blame you. I could never." Clay's muffled response sounded so shaky and low it made George even more miserable.

*My feelings? Every time I try to think about my feelings, little men seemed to scatter the thoughts in my brain. But I'm pretty sure best friends don't feel this way about each other. This is even stronger than I've felt for all my ex-partners. I don't think a friend would spend their days looking at every little thing in life, trying to find something more beautiful than his friend's smile. I don't think a friend would hear someone laugh and think 'My friend's laugh is prettier'. So do I really love him? Is that what love is? Being friends with someone who makes you cry laugh and someone whose hugs feel like home but also someone you want to kiss so badly it's frying your brain. What if he's not really attracted to me though and is just confused? I can't handle that scenario. Well, only one way to find out.*

George quickly hopped off the stool and went to stand between his legs. He held Clay's head in his hands and replied, "I'm not apologizing for my feelings. I'm apologizing for lying about them. Now stop sulking and kiss me."

Clay's eyes brightened immensely when he realized what George's saying and a drunken giggle bubbled in his throat. He quickly gripped George's waist and lifted him onto the counter. George looked at this new position and melted. Clay cupped his face gently and leaned in dangerously close. And then....George's brain flickered out as his lips touched Clay's. Without his own permission, George's shaking hands started roaming Clay's body. Just when George thought that it couldn't get better, Clay moaned and deepened the kiss by sweeping his tongue into his mouth. *More, more, more, more.* That became a new chant in George's mind. The only chant. Suddenly, Clay ripped his body away from George and pushed back with a deep growl. "If we continue this, you'll end up a whimpering mess right on this fucking counter. You're not ready for that. I just need a break," he insisted in a husky voice.

George nodded and tried to labor his heavy breathing and control his desire. The two boys focused on calming down their own bodies before Clay finally spoke out, "So do you feel comfortable enough in telling me what you identify as?"

"Just queer. I've been confused between bisexual and pansexual for too long so I just say I'm queer even though there's other labels. I just feel like the world is obsessed with labels. I used to be too and it really made me stressed so I stopped trying to find a name for it. I'm not like invalidating any sexual preference, but mine is just so confusing. Um- what about you?"

"Bisexual, I guess. I've actually never been attracted this much to any guy except you but like I've checked some guys out. I think I just have a very specific type..?," Clay answered sheepishly.

George felt himself heat up at the idea of being the only man Clay wanted to touch. *Unless...*  
"Clay, I don't mean this in an insulting way but are you sure you're attracted to me."

Clay's eyes went dark with lust and he growled hungrily, "Do you want to see how hard I am, right now?"

George's eyes bulged out of their place and he quickly shook his head shyly.

Clay tried to keep his composure cool and replied, "Maybe later. Anyways, I know this is a lot to understand and process in only a day but I want to make it clear that I want you. Like I want a relationship."

"Obviously yeah, but um- I don't know how to ask this but why did you ask for that girl's number this morning?"

"Oh...about that. That was actually so selfish of me. I just saw her staring at you and I was afraid you'll end up going out with her or something so I just tried distracting her. Which was selfish and manipulative of me. I'm sorry."

"Ohhh, no no it's fine. I wasn't even interested in her."

"Yeah but I shouldn't have, baby."

George short-circuited after hearing that pet name and Clay smirked knowingly when he noticed his reaction.

"Oh more thing George, it's going to be hard hiding it from our fans but I'm going to try my best to keep it hidden, I promise. I'm so sorry if it gives you a headache or something because my channel keeps getting bigger."

*Why should we hide it? Is he ashamed of me? No. I shouldn't jump into conclusions again.*

"No need to hide it. I mean people are accepting nowadays. Even if there's a small percentage that isn't, I'm used to things like this by now. Unless you want it a secret, then I don't mind of course-

Before he could finish the sentence, Clay took two short strides and pulled George into his arms and kissed him. *And I'm gone. There's nothing better than this*, thought George. But before he could even kiss back, Clay pulled an inch back and spoke in a low and gravelly voice, "I want to tell every person I meet, that you're mine. That I'm with this perfect man."

George smiled widely and rolled his eyes affectionately. Clay bent down to kiss the corner of his smile and George sighed blissfully and whispered, "Am I dreaming?"

"I don't think you could taste this good in a dream," Clay replied cockily.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope this was fluffy and cute enough for you. If you like it please tell me if you'd be interested in an epilogue or like extra fluffy chapter where they're telling the fans about their relationship or something. Not sure what's the plan yet...or am I? ;)

# Epilogue

## Chapter Notes

The image below is linked here: <https://postimg.cc/3ynzbQjz> <3

ALSO FOLLOW MY TWITTER: @salsablock

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

### **\*1 week later\***

"Stop being an idiot and stay in bed. You can record a video as soon as you get better. You need to listen to me. You got sick even though I told you this is England and you need to dress accordingly." George lectured as he brought extra blankets for Clay.

"George but I'm bored! And cold. And my head hurts. And my bones too," Clay whined with an adorable pout on his face.

*He's adorable even when he's sick*, George thought and melted internally. He tucked him under the blankets gently and bent down to kiss his forehead.

"Nooo. What? Don't kiss me. I don't want you to catch the flu. Stay away, please." Clay begged while trying to squirm away from George.

George rolled his eyes at him and smiled brightly, glad that Clay was trying to take care of him when he was the sick one. He decided he needs to make some tea with ginger that might help him feel better. Every time he sees Clay in pain or whining about some headache, he wants to raise his fist at whoever's up and start throwing punches. While he was preparing the tea, his thoughts drifted to Clay. Like they always do. *I can't believe how soft I've grown for him. Like wut is this witchery he pulled on me. We've grown so much closer in such a short period of time and I didn't even know there was a way we could have gotten closer.* When George finished preparing a hot mug of tea for Clay, he slowly walked to the room to avoid spilling anything. But when he reached his bed, Clay was sound asleep. He quietly put the mug on the dresser and sat down beside Clay's long legs. Then he leaned in to tuck away a strand of his hair that has fallen onto Clay's sweaty forehead. Before he could lean back, he heard him softly mutter "George" in his sleep. George stared at him with his eyes wide open and his smile growing bigger by the second. *Fuck it. I don't care*, thought George as he pushed the blankets off Clay and snuggled closer to him. He decided he didn't care if he was going to become sick, he's completely content falling asleep with his back to Clay's warm chest.

### **\*The morning after\***

George woke up with someone shaking his shoulders and urgently murmuring his name. He opened one eye and frowned at Clay. "Wut? What's wrong? Are you okay?"

"Yes I'm okay George but you won't be. Did you actually cuddle with me all night? You're an idiot. Now you're definitely going to catch the fucking flu."

"Chill. It's fine. I don't care. Hey, look at the bright side, now you won't be bored or cold. I'm here

to entertain you and warm you up," George half-whispered with a lazy smirk.

Clay's gleeful laugh bounced off the walls of the room but shortly ended with a strong coughing fit. George stroked his blond hair and stared at him with worry in his eyes. "I- I'm fine. I'm fine. Come here. I need you closer. You know, for the warmth only."

"Ofcourse, only for the warmth. I get it," George said with a breathy laugh.

Clay gripped his waist and pulled him flush to his chest, with his chin on his shoulder. "Give me your hand," Clay whispered into his ear which made a delicious shiver dance across George's body. Clay wrapped his arms around him and then intertwined his fingers with George's.

After ten minutes of absolute bliss, George decided he really needed to discuss this with Clay so he said apologetically, "Not to ruin the mood but remember when we said we're gonna tell the fans. Don't you think it's time?"

George felt rather than saw Clay nod his head before he replied, "Yeah. I have an idea. NICK! COME HERE RIGHT NOW!!"

George tried to think of how Sapnap could help them here but decided to sit back and watch without questioning Clay.

Sapnap walked into the room after a few seconds and asked, "What? Thank god I was awake or I would have curb stomped you for being so loud. Anyways, what's up?"

"Me and George need someone to take one of those couple picture thingies. Help us. Make it funny not cringe."

After a few minutes of deciding the pose they finally settled on one where George and Clay were kissing in the background of Sapnap's selfie who was fake frowning. Sapnap tweeted the picture with the words: **"third wheeling with these stinky idiots"** The two boys behind him were also showcasing their socks so Sapnap replied to people who were freaking out with: **"relax they're wearing socks"**

□

After Nick was done he chatted with them for a while and then left them alone because he was afraid of catching the cold too.

Their phones started pinging non stop because people where overwhelmingly supportive which made George blush profusely.

When Clay saw George staring at the replies with his lips between his teeth, he gently stroked his cheek and asked him, "Are you okay, baby? Do you regret it?" Clay's heart was pounding loudly because he was terrified of hearing George say that he doesn't want anything to do with him anymore because of the overwhelming replies.

But George just leaned into his touch with the prettiest smile Clay has ever seen and said, "You are nothing to regret."

Hope you enjoyed the story as much as I enjoyed writing it. Thank you for any support you gave me it means the world.  
I just started a neww fic if you're still interested ;))

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!